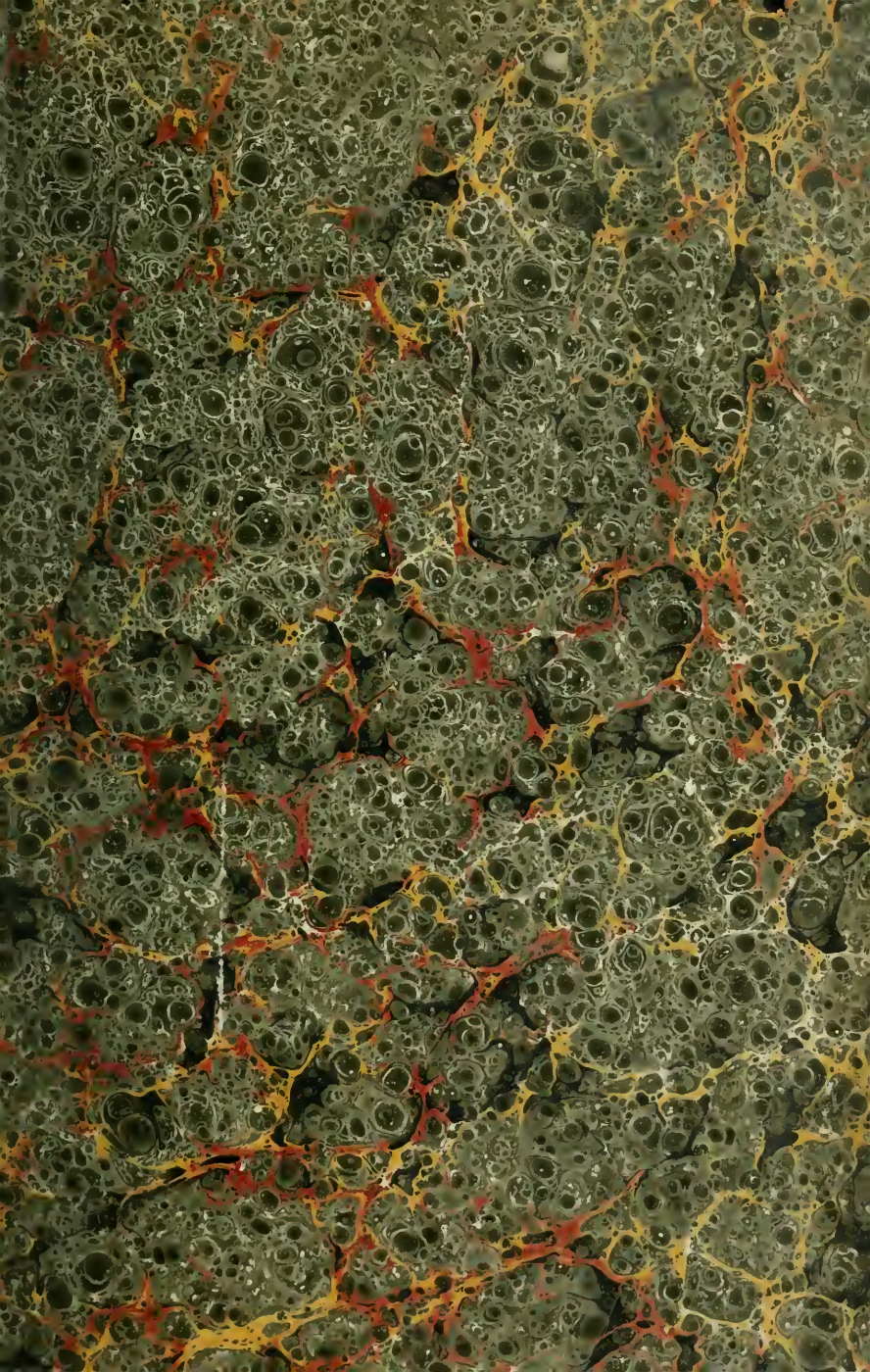
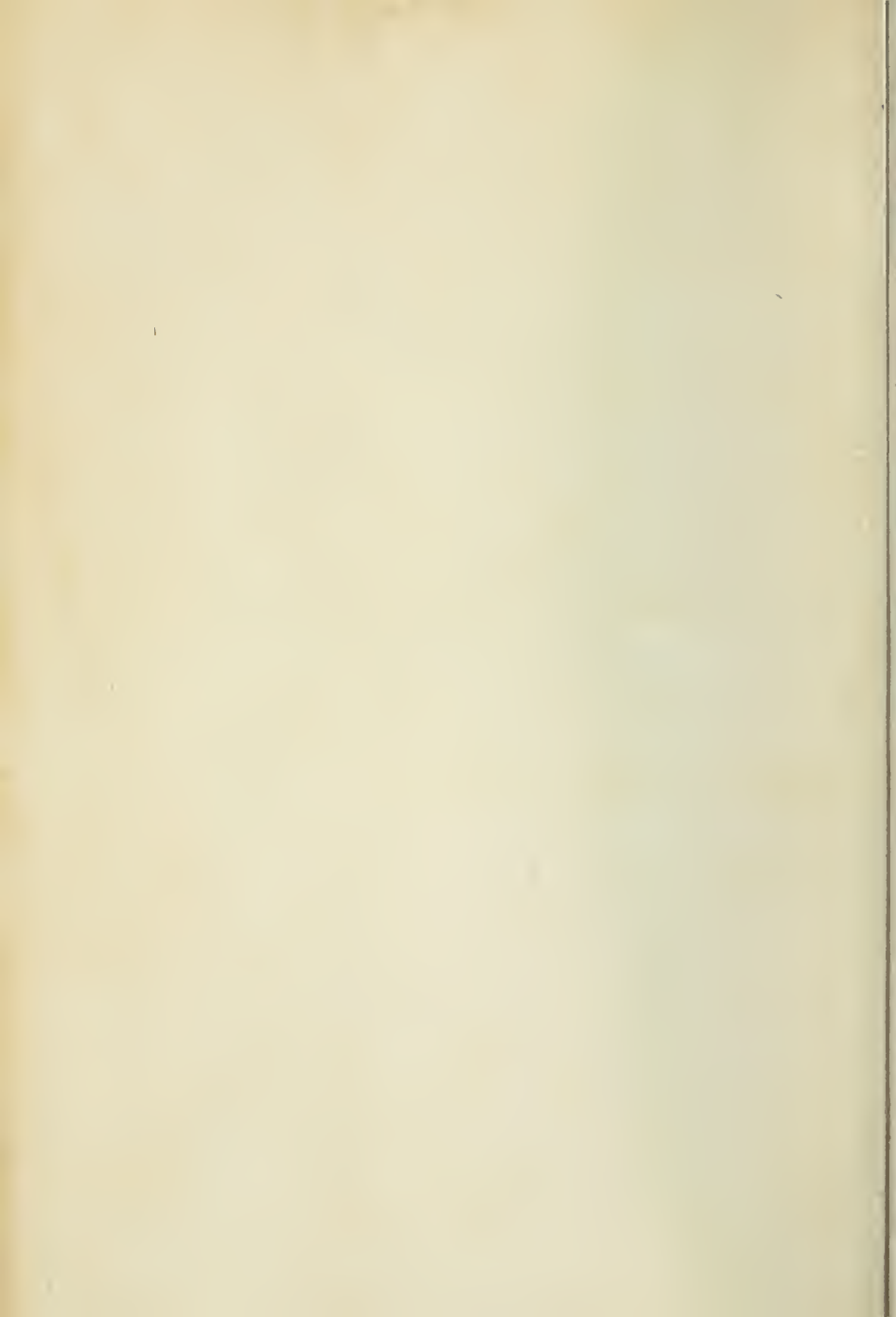




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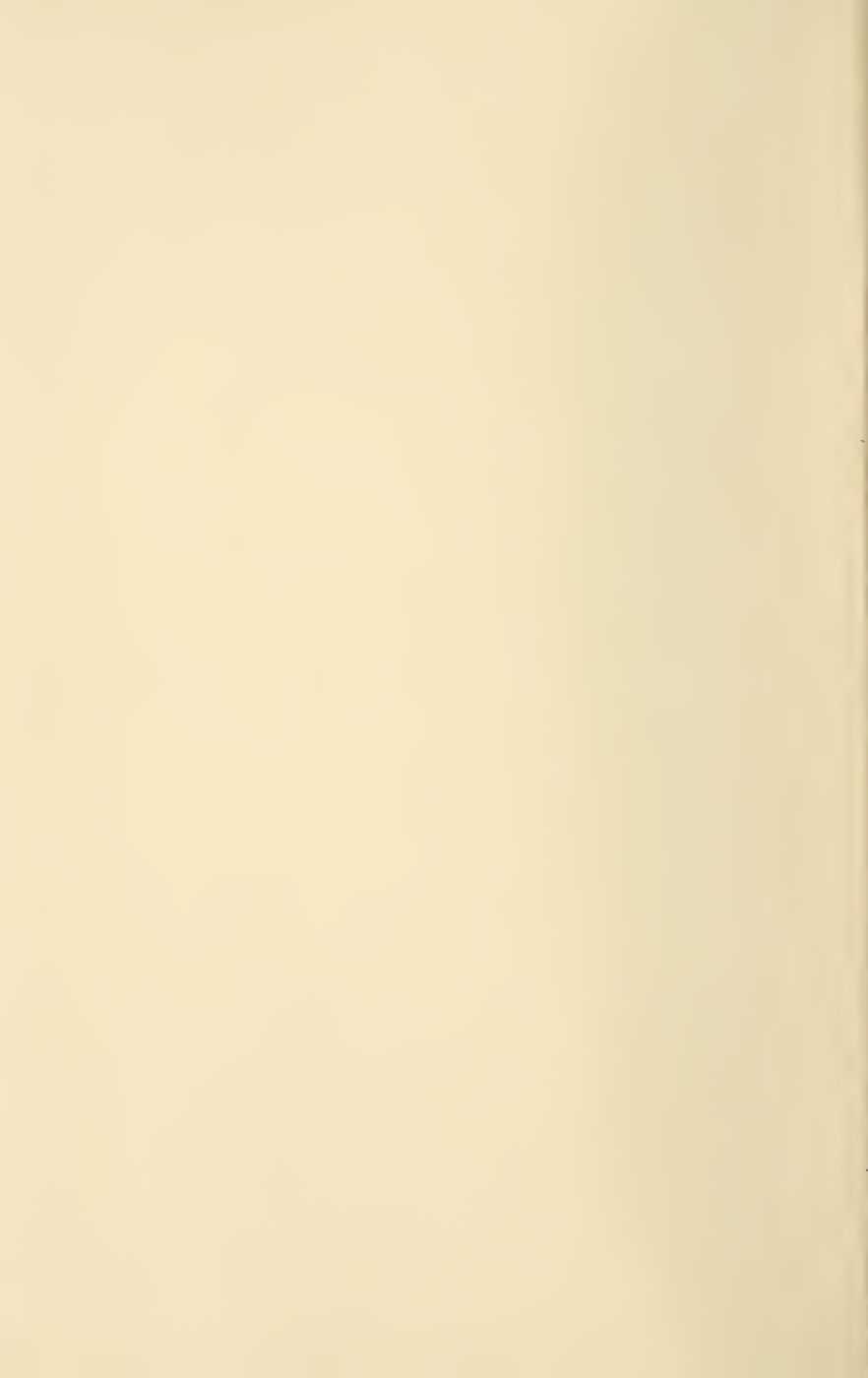


To  
Col. R. Bright Warren, &c,  
and Mrs Warren, in memory  
of one whom they loved and  
esteemed and in remem-  
brance of many kindnesses  
received ~~by~~ from them, by  
their affectionate friend,  
John Gibbs. -

April 21, 1869.























VOICE OF THE HEART.

















# Voice of the Heart ;

A WIFE'S LOVE-OFFERING.

BY

ANNA GIBBS.

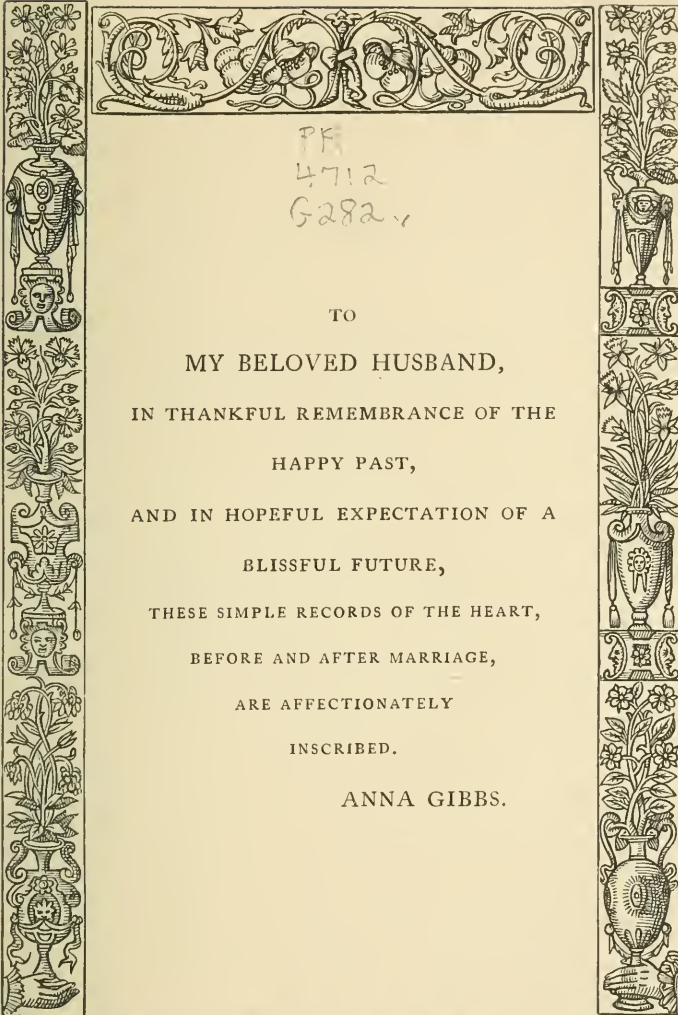


PRINTED FOR FAMILY DONATION.

1860.







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TO  
MY BELOVED HUSBAND,  
IN THANKFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE  
HAPPY PAST,  
AND IN HOPEFUL EXPECTATION OF A  
BLISSFUL FUTURE,  
THESE SIMPLE RECORDS OF THE HEART,  
BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE,  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED.

ANNA GIBBS.



853414





To my beloved husband,

in thankful remembrance of the

happy Past—

and in hopeful expectation of a

blissful Future,

these simple records of the heart,

before and after Marriage,

are affectionately

inscribed.

Anna Gibbs.

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John Gibbs.





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## Illustrations.

**P**HOTOGRAPH of Mrs. Gibbs and her Children, from an Oil Painting by Bonavia, *facing title*.

Photograph of Mrs. Gibbs, from a Cameo by Saulini, *on title*.

Facsimile of Mrs. Gibbs' Handwriting, in Lithograph.

Engraving of Arms of Mr. Gibbs.

Photograph of Mr. Gibbs, from a Drawing by Bonavia, *facing p. 1*.

Photograph of Mrs. Gibbs' Sister, the late Christiana Skelton, from an Oil Painting in the possession of Gen. Count Gröben, *facing p. 17*.


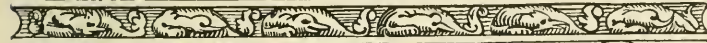
Photographs of Mrs. Gibbs' Children, Louisa Christina Waldegrave Gibbs, and Anna Maria Selma Gibbs, from a Drawing by Bonavia, *facing p. 39*.

Photograph of Mrs. Gibbs, from a Drawing by Bonavia, *facing p. 43*.

Photographs of Mrs. Gibbs' Parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Mark Skelton, from Miniatures by Hargreaves, sen., *facing p. 45*.

Photograph of Mr. Gibbs, from an Oil Painting by Bonavia, *facing p. 55*.

Arms of Mrs. Gibbs, *on last page*.









PHOTOGRAPH of Louisa Christina Wal-

**P**HOTOGRAPH of Louisa Christina Wal-  
degrave Gibbs, from a Pencil Drawing  
by her Aunt, Maria, wife of General C.  
R. W. Lane, C. B., *facing p. 23.*

Photograph of Anna Maria Selma Gibbs, from  
a Pencil Drawing by Bonavia, *facing p. 49.*

*The Photographs are by Ayles and Bonniwell.*





### Extra Illustration.

**P**HOTOGRAPH of Mrs. Gibbs' Sisters,  
the late Martha Frances Skelton and  
Christiana Skelton, from an oil-painting  
by Mrs. Gibbs, *facing p. 47.*


















To J. G. In Reply to some  
Verses.


Chartreuse de Pesio, August, 1848.



**T**HOSE words of thine have cast a  
spark,  
A burning spark, within my  
breast ;  
Each struggling sigh but fans the flame,  
Each hour increases its unrest.

Those words of thine, they wake a tone,  
Within this heart, that will not sleep ;  
They whisper of a long-sought home  
E'en here, beneath the starry deep.

*Beyond*, I deem'd it sole for me,  
Amid the spirits of the blest ;  
Those words of thine, they lure a hope  
I yet on earth might find a rest.





Fallacious hope! O why dost thou,  
'Midst dying embers cast a gleam?  
Recall them fast, those words of thine,  
In vain their glow, in vain their theme!

In vain thine earthly fire would strive  
To live amidst my dark'ning night;  
In vain thy spirit's flame would glow  
'Midst shadows which reflect no light.

A stormy flood, both dark and deep,  
Divides our pilgrim paths below;  
I tremble, but I dare not weep,—  
My God hath said,—it must be so.

And deem not that in angry wrath  
That mandate from on high hath sped;  
'Twill cast a light upon thy path  
When I am number'd with the dead.

My feeble voice to Heav'n aspires,  
It pleads for thee:—"O, Thou great  
Power,  
*Thy fiat change*, or be it fraught  
With mercy, 'gainst the judgment hour!"





To thee, O may the gloom reveal,  
Whatever be our final goal,  
A Polar Star amidst the night  
Which now invades thy storm-toss'd soul.

And, when all borrow'd lights are spent,  
One lamp o'er thee may constant shine,  
As lightning play'd around the cross,  
All dark besides that flash divine.

My check is pale, and eyes are dim  
With sorrow, sadness, and with tears,  
To think, perchance with pain thou'lt read  
This page of life, in after years.

O child of little faith! reflect  
Whose hand it is that leadeth thee!  
Who brought thee here to cross *his* path,  
And speak of immortality?

As bond of this, then, take and keep  
The little boon\* thou dost demand;  
If part we must, 'twill bid thee think,—  
*Beyond*, lies the far promis'd land.

\* A lock of hair.

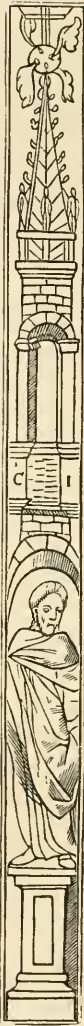




That all our steps may thither tend,  
My orisons to One shall rise,  
Whose grace our vagrant wills can bend  
To hopes above these stormy skies.

The thought is wild, that we may part  
To meet no more on Time's dim verge ;  
Then, Lord of mercy, guide our paths,  
That one, in Thee, at last they merge !

But if our pilgrim steps might blend  
In sorrow, hope, and thankful joy,  
Then, Lord of glory, dwell with us,  
And grant us peace without alloy !



To J. G.

Chartreuse de Pesio, October, 1848.

**T**HE parting hour, the long farewell  
 is near,  
 And though it ill beseem my  
 maiden pride,  
 'Twere vain attempt to quell the starting tear,  
 Nor could thy noble mind that tear deride.

When first we met, I deem'd my God ere  
 this,  
 Had call'd me from this suffering world  
 away ;  
 That one lov'd mourner my closed eyes  
 would kiss,  
 As she on my last couch my head would  
 lay.

All earth's best joys had fled, or lost their zest,  
 One languid ray sole glimmer'd from afar ;

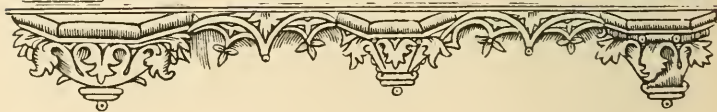


But that pale beam nor light nor warmth  
possess'd,  
As 'mid dark wintry night, one distant  
star ;

For sickness o'er each charm had thrown its  
pall ;  
The one sad ray by deathless hope was  
shed  
Beyond the op'ning tomb's mysterious thrall ;  
But smiles, tears, joy—all life clings to—  
had fled.

The sultry hour of fever's night is past ;  
The gelid touch of Death chills me no  
more ;  
My pulse beats warm, and fond, and fast ;  
My heart owns life may yet have much in  
store.

My spirit bounds to impulses divine,  
My soul responds to thrilling harmony ;  
Again I kneel with fervour at that shrine  
Where Justice smiles, and kisses Charity.





Then Heav'n blefs the hand to whom 'twas  
given,  
To lead me back to hope, and life, and  
love ;  
To soothe and cheer a breast by tempests  
riven,  
And raise, on rapture's wings, my thanks  
above.

Yes ! blefs thee, God, thy lot whate'er it be ;  
And grant thee painless memories of one,  
Whose life-blood, could it blefs, would flow  
for thee,  
When sleep, or pray'r, or woe, find thee  
alone !



## To J. G. A Reply.

Turin, Thursday Night, 12th October, 1848.

**Y**ES ! I tremble when across my  
 path,  
 Some kindred spirit wings its  
 daring flight,  
 And blindly yields its yearnings—all it  
 hath—  
 Fearless to share a sister spirit's blight ;  
 I tremble when it yields unto the spell,  
 The spell divine, which steals from that  
 sweet sound,  
 Responsive, soul-struck chords so wildly  
 fling ;  
 I tremble when the blast I could not quell  
 Drives close and fond those tendrils frail to  
 cling,





Which hearts of softest mould entwine  
 around,  
 Nor rest until that dear repose is found.

O yes ! I tremble when my tossing bark  
 Is hail'd amidst the tempests of its track,  
 Discover'd by its last expiring spark,  
 One ling'ring hope just dying on the rack ;  
 I tremble, when from brighter seas espied,  
 Some passing sail, by prosp'rous breezes  
 fann'd,  
 Its sunny course forsakes, to brave and ride  
 The stormy deep, which claims my sinking  
 hand ;

O yes ! I tremble, lest the whirlwind's pow'r  
 That generous, mighty spirit may engulf ;  
 And one dire stroke o'erwhelm, in fatal hour,  
 O God ! the rescuer and the rescued both !

I shudder at the shock of passion's might ;  
 I tremble, too, at its electric thrill ;  
 Yet dread to quench its ardours 'midst my  
 night,  
 And tremble more to find its slave *my will.*





O God Almighty and Omniscient,  
Thou only these wild pangs and hopes  
canst tell !  
Thou only, by Thy pow'r Omnipotent,  
Canst, if decreed, lend strength to sound  
their knell !



To my Dear Husband, on his  
 Birthday. 1849.

*With a Guard Chain.*

Nice.

**A** LITTLE dream'd, twelve months  
 ago,  
 The blifs this morn would bring  
 to me ;

I little thought I e'er should know  
 The nameless joy I owe to thee !

To thee, a stranger then to one,  
 Whose lone star far away had gleam'd  
 " O'er court and camp," its course seem'd  
 done,  
 So pale and faint its radiance beam'd.



For, sick of its lone orbit bright,  
It sought commingling beams, to warm  
That lustre which, so fair to fight,  
But wasted life, and bred the storm,—

That hidden storm—which would not sleep—  
Of energies all spent in vain,  
And unrequited passion deep,—  
A life of dreamy toil and pain.

The strife seem'd hush'd, the grave was there,  
Amid its wreaths of scented flowers,  
Inviting to seek rest from care,  
Through that dark gate to Eden's bow'rs;

'Twas in that pause 'tween life and death,  
A burning ray shot through the gloom,  
Arrested the fast-ebbing breath,  
And snatch'd the victim from the tomb ;

Divine, it flash'd from that dear eye,  
Which open'd first to this day's light ;  
It sought me 'neath a foreign sky,—  
It came, and earth again was bright !





It came—and it was night no more,—  
The stormy waters vainly raged ;  
My bark had reach'd the sigh'd-for shore,  
My spirit's weary wing was caged ;—

A home the wanderer had found,  
An Arab home, yet one of rest ;  
The heart's wild longings all were bound,  
And anchor'd deep in thy true breast ;

Fond nestled there, I care not how  
The world around me frowns or smiles ;  
Fond nestled there, I heed not now  
Or Time's, or Fortune's freaks and wiles ;

For now, come tears, thy fond, warm kifs  
Can stem at will, their wistful stream ;  
And turneth sorrow into blifs,  
As change oft cometh o'er a dream.

The soft, warm beams, commingling sweet  
Of faith and love, shed radiance bright  
O'er blended paths, of spirits meet  
To wing to God their soaring flight.





The earthly, godless, share not this,  
Of hopes beyond they nothing know,  
And their poor cup of transient bliss  
Is dash'd with bitterness and woe.

The peace mysterious, who can tell,  
The cross, o'er wedded joys, doth shed ?  
The thrill, the awe, the bliss, the spell  
Which hover round the bridal bed ?

All these, through God, I owe to thee—  
To thee, my lord, my life, my all ;  
And own, by this weak minstrelsy,  
That all *I am*, thou holdst in thrall.

As emblem of a thought too deep  
For words to fathom or to bind,  
This golden fetter take and keep,  
Nor faithless e'er one link may'st find ;

For, wrought by more than human hand,  
By Him, to whom the seraph kneels,  
Is ev'ry link of that bright band  
Which this frail chain to thee reveals.





'Twill speak to thee in hours to come—  
Though dust itself, true love ne'er dies :  
'Twill tell thee, when thy task is done,  
That love awaits thee in the skies.

O, husband dear ! how fond and warm  
These arms I softly round thee twine,  
And shelter seek from life's bleak storm  
At Hymen's calm and hallow'd shrine.

Three moons thy wife, how changed the  
scene !  
Those pining hours are now gone by  
When lonely haunts I sought, to dream,  
Or lay me down, and hoped to die.

The wand'ring bird has found its nest,  
Nor envieth now the wild beast's lair ;  
It sought to pillow its unrest  
With one it lov'd, it car'd not where.

Then take this pleasant thought to mind—  
'Tis happiness for such as thee,  
The brave, the noble, true, and kind,  
The constant, daring, fond, and free !





To feel most blest, I need no more  
Than sunshine in thy manly breast ;  
And e'en when dark'ning shadows lower,  
When I can cheer, I still am blest.

Enough for me with thee to dwell,  
Enough to hope, when life is o'er,  
And earth shall hear my fun'ral knell,  
That we *shall* meet to part no more !














To my Husband,  
on the first Anniversary of our  
Wedding-Day.

Nice, 20th January, 1850.

 SAY, my own, most lov'd, most  
dear,

Is wifie's eye less soft or clear,  
Her voice less fond, and heart less warm,  
Than when just fresh from hymen's shrine,  
Her trembling hand close press'd in thine,  
Thou saidst with rapture, "She is *mine*?"

When storms swept down, and clouds came  
o'er

That eye, so kindling bright before,  
O say, did hers e'er frown on thee?  
Or rather did she not bemoan  
She could not make *her* joys thine own,  
And weep thy tears, herself alone?




Though sometimes dark and overcast  
Thy brow, from fierce and hidden blast,  
Its sombre hue o'er hers has flung ;  
O tell me—thrills her kiss the less ?  
Her timid fawn, or wild caress—  
Say, have they lost their spell to bless ?

Is Annie's smile less pure and bright,  
Than when throughout her bridal night  
With burning blush it beam'd on thee ?  
Or have her lips less balm to soothe ;  
Her prayer, less pow'r the heart to move ;  
Her acts, her faith and truth to prove ?

Could all this be, then nought were true ;  
The wildest winds that ever blew  
As soon could chill the sun's hot flame  
As time, or sad behests, or pain,  
Could cause th' immortal love to wane,  
I vow'd to thee at hymen's fane !

But glowing thoughts within me burn,  
As I, with deep emotion, turn  
To ask the Past,—and what of thee ?  
How hast with Annie's frailties borne,






How didst endure the sudden storm  
Which darken'd erst love's roseate morn ? \*

Ah ! never did I see thee shrink,  
At God's command, that cup to drink  
*He* emptied to the dregs for thee.  
One year, though oft beneath the rod,  
Thy steadfast soul hath firmly trod  
The narrow path which leads to God.

The flush of love's beatitude,  
With manly, Christian fortitude,  
Thou saw'st it cloud, and fade away ;  
For well thou knew'st that halcyon light,  
Though burning paler and less bright,  
Could ne'er go down in sorrow's night.

But let me ask—art thou less kind,  
Devoted less in heart and mind,  
Than when at midnight's tolling bell,  
All trembling o'er with love and fear,  
First fell on my enraptur'd ear  
Those thrilling words, “ O Annie dear ? ”

\* The severe illness of my only sister.



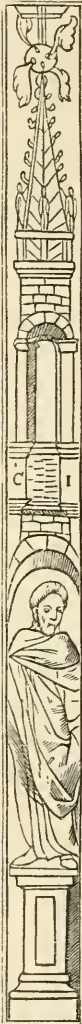


Ah! no,—that dear eye's fervid ray,  
Or bent on me, or raised to pray,  
Has gain'd one year's intensity ;  
And yet, alas ! it thrice has wept,  
Since love that night his vigil kept,  
The hopes which 'neath this heart have slept.


One year thy loving, faithful breast  
Has pillow'd in sweet hours of rest,  
With tender care, thy Annie's brow ;  
E'en when thy thoughts would vagrant stray,  
And thy sad eye's averted ray  
Would bid me weep alone—and pray !

Though thunders o'er thy brow have roll'd,  
And from thy Annie, stern and cold,  
And from her tears, thou'st turn'd away,  
Yet who can sound those depths of love,  
Where nestles thy fond, timid dove,  
As 'twere in Eden's bowers above ?

Until by thee belov'd, carefs'd,  
Until in thy dear arms fond press'd,  
Though calm and bright her early home,  
Admir'd and lov'd,—she knew not this,








The deep, fond mystery of blifs,  
First taught her by thy fervid kifs.

One glance reveal'd it from afar,  
Each heart confefs'd its guiding star,  
And blended in the glowing ray !  
Since then, though threat'ning clouds may  
    lour,  
How sweetly time attests the pow'r,  
Which watch'd in love, o'er that bright hour.

This were enough, and yet I dwell  
On scenes of which the magic spell  
No words the secret might can tell !  
We've bask'd in love's divinest beams,  
We've bath'd in its elysian streams,  
We've realiz'd its wildest dreams.

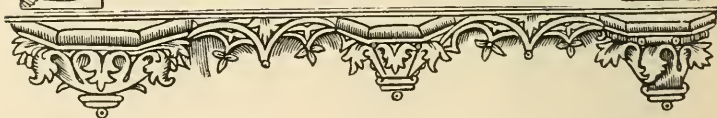
O yes! we have been truly blest,  
And though earth yields no perfect rest,  
The peace of heav'n dwells with us here.  
A joy mysterious and deep,—  
Which floods my heart, e'en when I weep,  
And lulls each nascent grief to sleep.





And thus to Thee, my God, I yield  
The fragrance of this blossom'd field—  
The heart's incense of gratitude !  
And pray may yet one boon be ours—  
With love's sweet hymeneal flow'rs,  
O deck our ebbing course of hours !

And now, with arms around thee twin'd,  
My all-belov'd, devoted, kind,  
I turn from the bright Past away,  
As of another year, I greet  
The hopeful dawn with rapture sweet,  
And sink in blushes, at thy feet.











To my beloved Husband on his  
 Birthday.

Birthwaite Hall, 25th May, 1851.

WITH thornless wreaths of scented  
 flow'rs,  
 Fresh cull'd from love's own fade-  
 less bow'rs,

I bind to day my sleeping lyre ;  
 And, O could I attune its pow'rs  
 To what this heart would fain inspire,  
 Enwrapt, 'twould burst in chords of fire,  
 And, swanlike, in high song expire ;  
 Awake, once more, awake, my lyre !

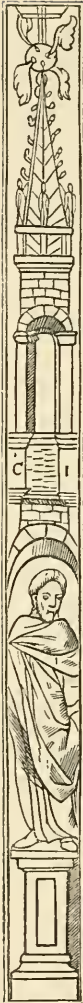
O yes ! my own, I still am thine,  
 Still beats for thee, this heart of mine,



Thou lord of all it is, or hath ;  
I thought May's festive sun might shine  
Upon thy lonely, widow'd path ;  
Whereas new blossoms now entwine  
Our blissful, hymeneal shrine,  
And Annie still is thine, is thine !

Across the heart's unfathom'd deep,  
New tones their stirring accents sweep ;  
For nestled 'neath the parent stem,  
With untold charms yet lock'd in sleep,  
There gleams a fair, immortal gem—  
Th' embodied spark of thy dear kiss ;  
For future worlds, as well as this,  
The substance of our hopes and bliss.

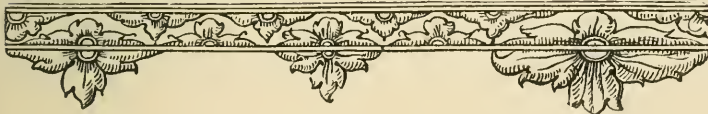
May God's own grace empow'r thee here,  
Thy precious, heav'n-bound freight to steer  
Life's rough and dang'rous waters o'er ;  
Yet wifely lives, thy toil to cheer :  
And when her voice is heard no more,  
Perhaps in some long after year,  
Thou'lt still, repelling mem'ry's tear,  
Exclaim, " O Annie, Annie dear !"







Yes! sound thy last, my childhood's lyre,  
To strains too high thou wouldst aspire ;  
Thy early blossoms all are shed,  
Thou'st sung the lover, bridegroom, sire,  
Thou'st sung sweet hopes too early fled,  
Thy tones fond ling'ring round their pyre ;  
And though of my lov'd lord and head  
To sweep thy chords I ne'er could tire,  
Thou answ'rest not my fond desire,—  
Thus sound thy last farewell, my lyre !



To my Husband on the Third  
Anniversary of our Marriage.

London, 20th Jan. 1852.

“DEAREST life,” on this blest  
day  
My heart were e’en more sad than  
gay,  
To think how fast life’s pleasant sands  
Are ebbing, and for e’er away.

If only for so brief a space  
Our hearts had knit in fond embrace,  
’Twere better far they ne’er had known  
Such blifs, in this short hour of grace.

But joy lights up my falling tears,  
Hope’s ray has trac’d a slant my fears,



Triumphant love, "love strong as death,"\*  
Counts not its life by transient years.

The voice within, the voice of God,  
Defy the cold and silent sod,  
Proclaim, o'er every wreck of earth,  
That mercy wields each chast'ning rod.


Then clasp me to thy arms, my boy,  
Thy own frail, fond, and loving toy;  
I will not sigh, I will not weep,  
That once I there must fall asleep,

That once must bid a long good-night,  
And hide the while from thy dear sight,  
To press that lone and darksome bed,  
Which mortals deem among the dead.

Vain terror of a childish dream,  
The dead, my boy, whate'er they seem,  
Where'er they be, 'twill soon be shown,  
When "we shall know as we are known."

\* Sol. Song, viii. 6.






O! raptures there are yet to come,  
When this sweet life its web hath spun,  
And all to mortal sight seems o'er,—  
Behind the veil there's more, still more!

Though far our rest be cast apart,  
We each shall hail the trumpet's sound,  
Whose blast above, beneath, around,  
Shall wake to bliss each faithful heart.

O clasp me to thy breast, my boy,  
There were *no bliss* apart from thee,  
Apart from God *no bliss* CAN be,  
Then let us love and live in joy!

Yes, find each other, sure we must,  
In Him, whose blood for us has won  
The heav'n, which here is scarce begun,  
Thus let us live in hope and trust.

In hope and trust, in joy and love,  
We'll live without intrusive fears;  
For high beyond the brightest spheres,  
There lies a home for us above.





For us, and our sweet babe, my boy,  
Exists on yon immortal shore,  
Where seraphs our own God adore—  
A life of love, without alloy !



To my dear husband, on his  
 Birthday.

London, 25th May, 1852.

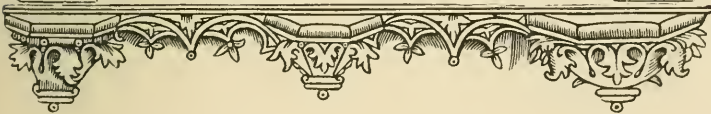
ANOTHER wave along the shore  
 Is hush'd, and will be heard no  
 more ;  
 Another circle of the sun  
 Our blended paths their course have run ;  
 Another hour of fleeting time  
 Has toll'd,—a third since “ thou art mine,”  
 Proclaim'd, with pride, thy conqu'ring will—  
 O husband dear,  
 With love and fear,  
 I ask, art thou exulting still ?

Another year—a third, has flown ;  
 The rapture too !—the bridegroom's own—



As honied blifs, he wildly sips  
From blushing bride's yet virgin lips,  
The melting ardour of that kifs!—  
With sinking heart I think of this,  
And seek to read on thy lov'd brow,  
    O husband dear,  
    With sigh and tear,  
    To read if thou be happy now ?

Another year—a third, is past,  
To me *each* dearer than the last ;  
Thine Annie, more than e'er thine own,  
Would hear again that thrilling tone,  
Or fondly, to thy manly breast,  
In silent ecstasy close pres'd,  
Would *feel* the throbbing of thy heart—  
    O husband dear,  
    As death draws near,  
    Reveal that blest indeed thou art !



Thoughts in anticipation of our  
Fourth Wedding-Day.

Hastings, January, 1853.

**A**H! no, I dare not write it more,  
I have not heart to think it o'er,  
Dark fears, all vague and unex-  
press'd,  
Beset me round, and will not rest;  
The echo of yon distant shore\*  
My yearning heart may hear no more.

O might I live to hail that morn,  
Which brightest mem'ries e'er adorn!  
Sweet babe, yet slumb'ring 'neath my breast,  
Sleep on, wake not from thy safe rest,!

\* An allusion to the delightful shores of the  
Cascina, at Pisa.





Till ere thou thence in pangs be torn,  
Thy mother hail her bridal morn.

O might I live to see that day  
When first with thee I knecl'd to pray  
Beside the unprefs'd nuptial couch ;  
These lips and eyes would warmly ouch,  
More eloquent than this my lay—  
The *wife* weeps not her bridal day !

But should I ne'er more hail that night—  
And God's good will is ever right—  
Should Annie's form have set in light,  
'Twill speak to thee, my own best love,  
From grave below, and realm above,  
She loves thee still, though lost to sight,  
With love more pure and warm and bright  
Than e'en on that fair bridal night.

One living, loving pledge of mine,  
Our darling babe, will still be thine ;  
And when she lays, confidingly,  
Her little head upon thy knee,  
When " mam-ma," weeping, she will say,  
Ah ! kifs her infant tears away.





And—no ! 'twas but a dream, that knell,  
Whose distant echo o'er me fell,  
Of joys, on which I dare not dwell !  
The tender song of Pisa's shades,  
Methought 'twere call from Eden's glades !  
Then, peace ! no time can break that spell—  
My love for thee no words can tell—  
No death can ever sound its knell !



## Impromptu.

*With a Watch-stand.*

Hastings, 20th January, 1853.

**Y**ES, rest thy hours on me !  
 Their burden—wail or moan,  
 As softly on its velvet throne,  
 Thy monitor shall count  
 The lapse of their swift loan.

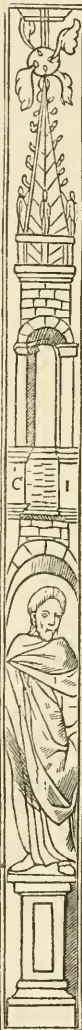
Ah ! rest thy hours on me !  
 Their sorrow and their care ;  
 God grant me life the load to bear,  
 As 'twas my happy lot  
 Thy brightest hours to share.

Yes, rest thy hours on me !  
 The oak is oft uptorn,



The lily bends beneath the storm  
And rises with fresh smiles,  
To bless and to adorn.


Ah! rest thy hours on me!  
The weary, sad, or gay,  
I love their silent, pensive sway,  
Beyond the tumult, wild,  
Of our first wedding-day!



## Impromptu.

*With the gift of a Hair Chain.*

Hastings, 20th January, 1853.


**W**HEN Cupid wove affection's chain  
 To bind us to each other,  
 These locks I now around thee  
 twine,  
 Waved soft o'er Annie's shoulder.

The ringlet chain wear next thy heart,  
 Though gold nor locks can weave  
 A bond of strength like that by which  
 My soul to thine doth cleave.

Thou'st kifs'd them oft ; ah ! kifs them still,  
 When Annie is no more ;—  
 No more ? ah ! that can never be,  
 Thus ne'er thy task be o'er.

To my ever dear Husband, on  
his Birthday.

Hastings, 25th May, 1853.

**N**ONE more brief page to time's dark  
lair  
The circling hours have wing'd  
away,  
And, bending low in fervent pray'r,  
Thy Annie greets thy natal day.

One more full page time's rapid wheels  
Before the judgment throne have borne,  
Yet, spar'd to thee, in praise she kneels,  
As brightly dawns the festive morn.













Two babes now hail, with fondling smiles,  
Their father's early priz'd carefs ;  
And move, by soft and winning wiles,  
His manly heart to tendernefs.

Death fought to rob thee of one flow'r,  
And hide beneath the dark, lone sod,  
The bright, sweet rosebud of an hour,  
When, "touch it not," was heard from God !

For Him that precious gem to keep,  
O let us strive and ever pray,  
Ne'er idly on the watch-ground sleep,  
Nor e'er the holy trust betray !

In vain I seek the notes of praise,  
Which in my soul mysterious ring,  
With utterance on high to raise,  
Or inward raptures loud to sing.

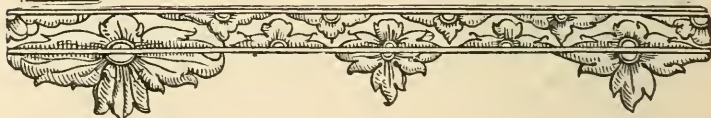
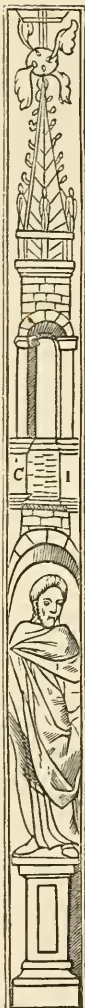
For though, alas ! too fain to stay,  
The Annie of thy wedding morn  
Is fading fast—how fast away ;  
New joys to thee through her are born.





Yes, joys which blend this world of tears  
With vistas of blest homes above ;  
Which link its changeful, fleeting years  
With those unchanging realms of love ;

Where tears, death, partings, all are o'er,  
Where nothing fadeth, nothing dies,  
No hope delusive paineth more,  
In those bright homes beyond the skies !




## My Husband's Birthday.

Maze Hill Cottage, St. Leonard's,  
25th May, 1854.

**G**LAD, bright, and warm,  
Unchill'd by storm,  
In tumult bland, sweet thoughts  
arise,

As pictur'd in May's blushing skies,  
Or, brighter still, in Annie's eyes—  
Love's beam unshorn,  
As in life's morn,  
Ah! thanks to thee and Him above!

Emotions wild,  
As of a child,  
On this wan cheek still flush and fade ;  
Hadst *thou* cast there one fatal shade,  
The grief untold, ere this had laid  
Thy Annie low!



That 'tis not so,  
Ah! thanks to thee and Him above!

Though song of praise  
I cannot raise,  
'Tis heard in every wooing breeze,  
Amidst the warblings of the trees,  
And mystic heavings of the seas ;  
The voice of May  
Resounds to-day,  
With Annie's love to thee and God !











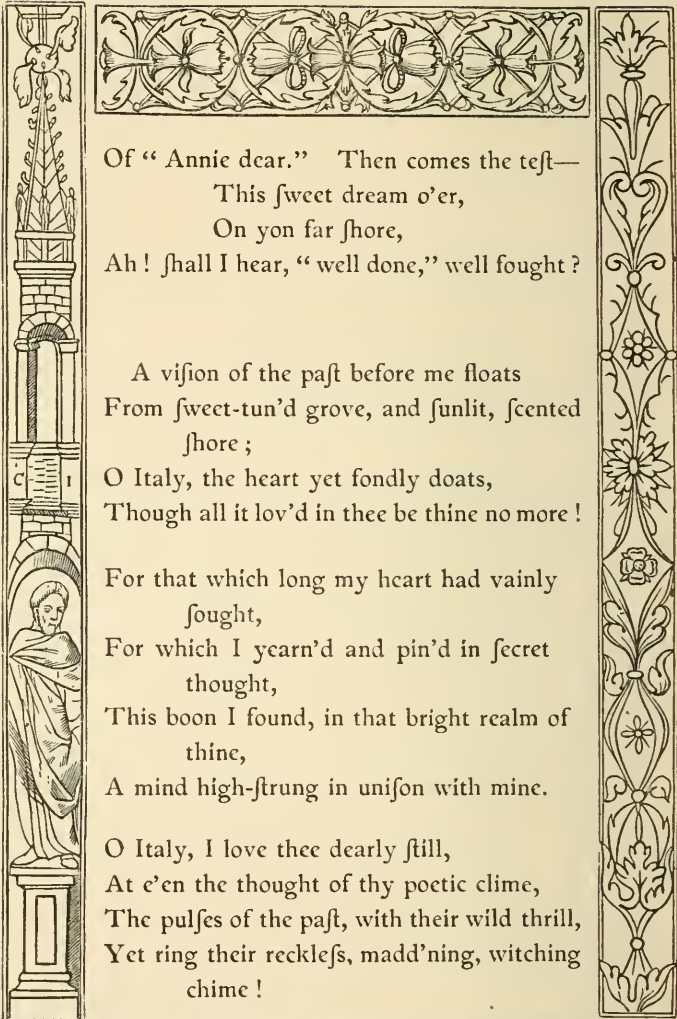


To my Husband, on our fifth  
Wedding-Day.

St. Leonard's-on-Sea,  
Saturday, 20th January, 1855.

**T**HE twentieth! and Saturday!  
The stirring magic of those words.  
Alas! six years have pass'd away  
Like mystic love-song of sweet birds.  
I could be sad, were I not gay,  
I could be sad, and sad my lay,  
To think of that far halcyon day.

I could be sad, were I not blest  
Beyond my highest hope or thought;  
For soon at heaven's high behest,  
With all their varied burdens fraught,  
These ebbing sands must sink to rest;  
This web of life will soon be wrought,  
Yes, soon in vain will trace be sought




Of "Annie dear." Then comes the test—  
This sweet dream o'er,  
On yon far shore,  
Ah! shall I hear, "well done," well fought?

A vision of the past before me floats  
From sweet-tun'd grove, and sunlit, scented  
shore ;  
O Italy, the heart yet fondly doats,  
Though all it lov'd in thee be thine no more !

For that which long my heart had vainly  
sought,  
For which I yearn'd and pin'd in secret  
thought,  
This boon I found, in that bright realm of  
thine,  
A mind high-strung in unison with mine.

O Italy, I love thee dearly still,  
At e'en the thought of thy poetic clime,  
The pulses of the past, with their wild thrill,  
Yet ring their reckless, madd'ning, witching  
chime !















My vision bids me look aside,  
Down yon dim, length'ning path of years,  
To view the maid, the wife, the bride,  
'Midst changeful scenes of smiles and tears.

I see a fair form in the dawn of youth,  
Her candid brow lit up with love and truth,  
'Mid cypress shades of an Ausonian mount,\*  
Soft moonbeams sparkling in the regal fount.

In gladsome mirth her steps oft wander'd  
there,  
Her nascent bloom fann'd bright by zephyrs  
mild ;  
When ev'ry fragrant breath wafted a pray'r,  
The parents' pray'r for their loved, loving,  
child.

Her breast, the haunt of wrapt seraphic  
dreams,  
Her brow undimm'd by earthly strife or care ;  
How little deem'd she then, those same bright  
beams

\* Poggio Imperiale, Florence.





Would light the orange wreath she once  
should wear.

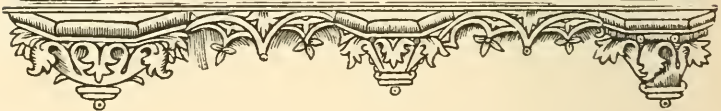
I see the falt'ring steps of that pale bride,  
I see the trembling blossoms of her crown,  
But oh, to try to paint, 'twere to deride  
That priceless, speechless hour which knows  
no frown!

No, none shall dare to lift that veil of beams,  
Which hides the mystery of love like this,  
But half reveal'd on sacred page it gleams,\*  
Peace, rapture, perfect union and bliss.

Again she stood upon that classic mount,  
The bridal blush scarce faded from her cheek,  
And yet it seem'd as if some bitter fount  
Were ready to o'erflow that brow so meek.

A heav'n-sent shaft into her heart had sped,  
Her lov'd Christine, last bud of home's bright  
bow'r,

\* Ephesians, v. 22, to the end.













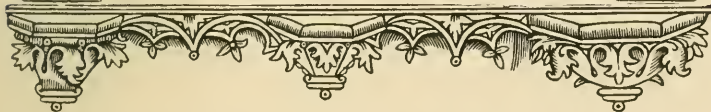
Who on a sister's path such beamy brightnes  
shed,  
Of speech, bloom, joy, bereft 'mid festive  
hour !

Again, she stood by Arno's placid wave,  
All trembling, awe-struck, pierc'd and faint  
at heart,  
Despairing her sweet paradise to save ;  
The high-charg'd hurricane had yet one dart !

The storm swept by, the sudden blast,  
The lightnings, left her heart and soul  
unscath'd,  
Again in rapture to *his* breast was clasp'd,  
Again in floods of nuptial blifs she bath'd.

And can it be the wife and mother blest,  
That now looks back upon that chequer'd  
scene,  
Serenely joyful, chasten'd, not depress'd,  
Can *she* that fair and cherish'd girl have been ?

No father, mother, sisters, live to cheer  
The noontide sultry gloom, or winter's night ;

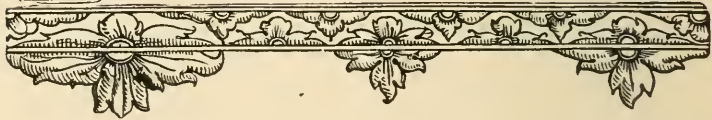
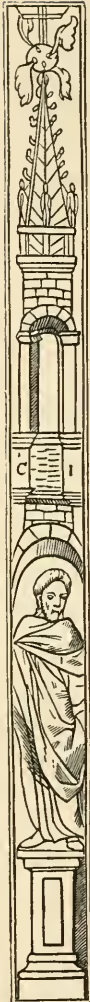




But oh ! her babes, her husband call her  
“ dear,”  
Her anchor cast, she fears nor blast nor blight !

No link which binds her to the past is sever'd,  
No present joy or hope its close can fear,  
No blessing which e'er warm'd her heart has  
wither'd,  
And all that yet remains is tenfold dear.

O husband of my heart—God grant me life  
To prove to thee my love, yet more and  
more ;  
And do thou love, till time and death be o'er,  
Thy own self-chosen, heav'n-awarded wife !













To my dear Husband, on his  
 Birthday.

25th May, 1856.

**S**TORM, blight, and blast, and  
 wintry show'rs,  
 Have scar'd and rent our sunny  
 bow'rs,

The lightning's fork has enter'd deep,  
 The shafts of death have scar'd our sleep ;  
 Thy manly form has long been laid  
 In trial's cold and dreary shade,  
 Thy Annie's cheek has blanch'd the while,  
 And faint now beams her wonted smile ;  
 Yet fonder, tenderer than e'er,  
 With fervid love and warmer pray'r,  
 She greets this seven times welcom'd day,  
 This hallow'd twenty-fifth of May.  
 With heart more firmly knit to thine,



And thoughts that closely round thee twine,  
Which, like the sparkling gems of night,  
Hide all their lustre from the light.  
For brighter burn love's heav'nly fires,  
And higher flash our pure desires,  
As length'ning shadows coldly throw  
Their deep'ning hue on all below ;  
O! dearest love, yet birds may sing,  
And blossoms their sweet odours fling  
Amidst our desolated bow'rs,  
For hope, and faith, and love are ours !  
But let us cherish present joys,  
Nor disregard, as worthless toys,  
Those earnest dear of endless bliss,  
Our babes' cares, their smile and kifs ;  
Those voices glad, from cherub land,  
Which echo 'midst our little band ;  
Those thrilling tones of infant life,  
Which ring with heav'n 'midst this world's  
    strife ;  
Though shadow'd now by sorrow's wing,  
With deathlike grasp we seem to cling  
To hopes of brighter days in store,  
And bygone blessings now no more ;





Yet, dearest love, her work once done,  
On sorrow's night will rise a sun ;  
And pain and sadness pass away,  
As darkness yields to coming day.  
'Tis but an angel in disguise,  
An errand sent from mercy's skies ;  
And sweet it is, with holy fear,  
To think the Saviour still is near ;  
That 'tis not our God's angry frown,  
But simply to shower blessings down  
We could not else receive. Yes, praise  
'Midst bonds and sighs we well may raise ;  
Thy strong, enduring spirit bold  
Still shelters in her wedding-fold  
The timid dove which there sought rest,  
Securely nestl'd in thy breast.  
We suffer, love, live on together,  
We know there is a bright for-ever,—  
That nought can perish, none can die,  
Whose life is link'd with Him on high ;  
With Him who all can love and save,  
The mighty Victor of the grave ;  
Our hallelujahs unto Thee,  
Eternal, glorious Trinity !



## Anniversary of our Wedding- Day.

**T**EN years have pass'd to their ac-  
count, [bloom,  
Swift blight has fear'd my summer  
And down the dusky, steep'ning mount,  
My feet are hurrying to their doom.  
One faithful hand still leads me on,  
Regardless of the thick'ning gloom,  
Still scatters flow'rs and joys along  
My careworn pathway to the tomb!

No longer, with delusive hues,  
The vague "to come" hope's magic gilds,  
No longer, steep'd in earthly dews,  
The gorgeous visions fancy builds;  
To these we fondly still look back,  
Their scatter'd splendours pause to view,  
Still linger on their burning track,  
And thrilling scenes thus live anew!





But onwards, upward is our aim,  
Earth's witchery enchains no more,  
Immortal spirits in our train,  
To higher goal we seek to soar.  
Thus hand-in-hand the rapid slope,  
In perfect concord and in trust,  
We tread, with ever-bright'ning hope,  
Though part, alas! at foot we must.

Yes, *part!* My stricken soul e'en now  
Recoils at very thought of this—  
O God! Thou knowest *when* and *how*,  
Husband's and little ones' *last* kisses!  
*Him, them,* Thy trembling, clinging child,  
To whom the thought seems now so wild,  
Thou canst with strength, peace, hope, inspire,  
Quench death's dark floods with heav'nly fire,  
And change our wail to jubilee,  
Adoring rapture, ecstasy!

To him whose heart inspir'd this pen,  
Of regal race,\* and regal mind,

\* See Walford's "County Families," p. 754;  
Burke's "Authorized Arms," p. 170; and Burke's  
"Royal Families," 2nd edition.





Staunch champion of the rights of men,  
 The faithful husband, father kind,  
 I dedicate this monument,  
 To him a gift of dearer worth,  
 More priz'd than sculptur'd adamant,  
 He seeks no trophy, boon of earth,  
 His work, to God or stands or falls,  
 Fight or endure, until God calls ;  
 And then the meed, here earn'd, not won,  
 When heav'n and earth resound " Well  
 done !"

\* \* \* \*

All glory shall for ever be,  
 O Lord of mercy, unto Thee,  
 Who gave the pow'r, inspir'd the will,  
 Before whose throne, ye worlds, " be still !"\*

\* Psalm, xlvi. 10.

Maze Hill Cottage,  
 20th Jan. 1855.

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 TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.









## To my Husband.

### Impromptu Lines.

Woolwich, December, 1860.

**T**HE sound of war came surging to  
our coast—  
A nation sprang to arms—'twas  
heard no more!

And foremost 'mid that gallant British host,  
Resolv'd to die, or guard the sacred shore,  
Was *he*, true scion of bold ancestry,  
To fight and bleed for home and Liberty,  
At Peril's outpost, with brave band, *ready!*

And now my childhood's dream, matur'd  
'mid strife,  
Is dream no more—a soldier's wife!  
Like all earth-born, it cost—ah! pangs and  
throes  
Of heart and mind, a mother only knows!





Secure, serene domestic sweets, uptorn !  
The dreaded trial of each boding morn—  
Children from parents rent in agony !  
The sacrifice once made, within was peace—  
That now the threaten'd hostile thunders  
cease,  
All glory to the God of Battles be !

To the brave British host, hurrah ! hurrah !  
“ All's well ”—yes *well*, if e'en some coming  
day  
Your war-stain'd banners wave triumphant  
o'er

A wife and her hero slumb'ring in gore,  
'Midst shouts of victory, and cannon's roar—  
A glorious grave, that batt'ry on the shore !

A. C.





Anna Gibbs.







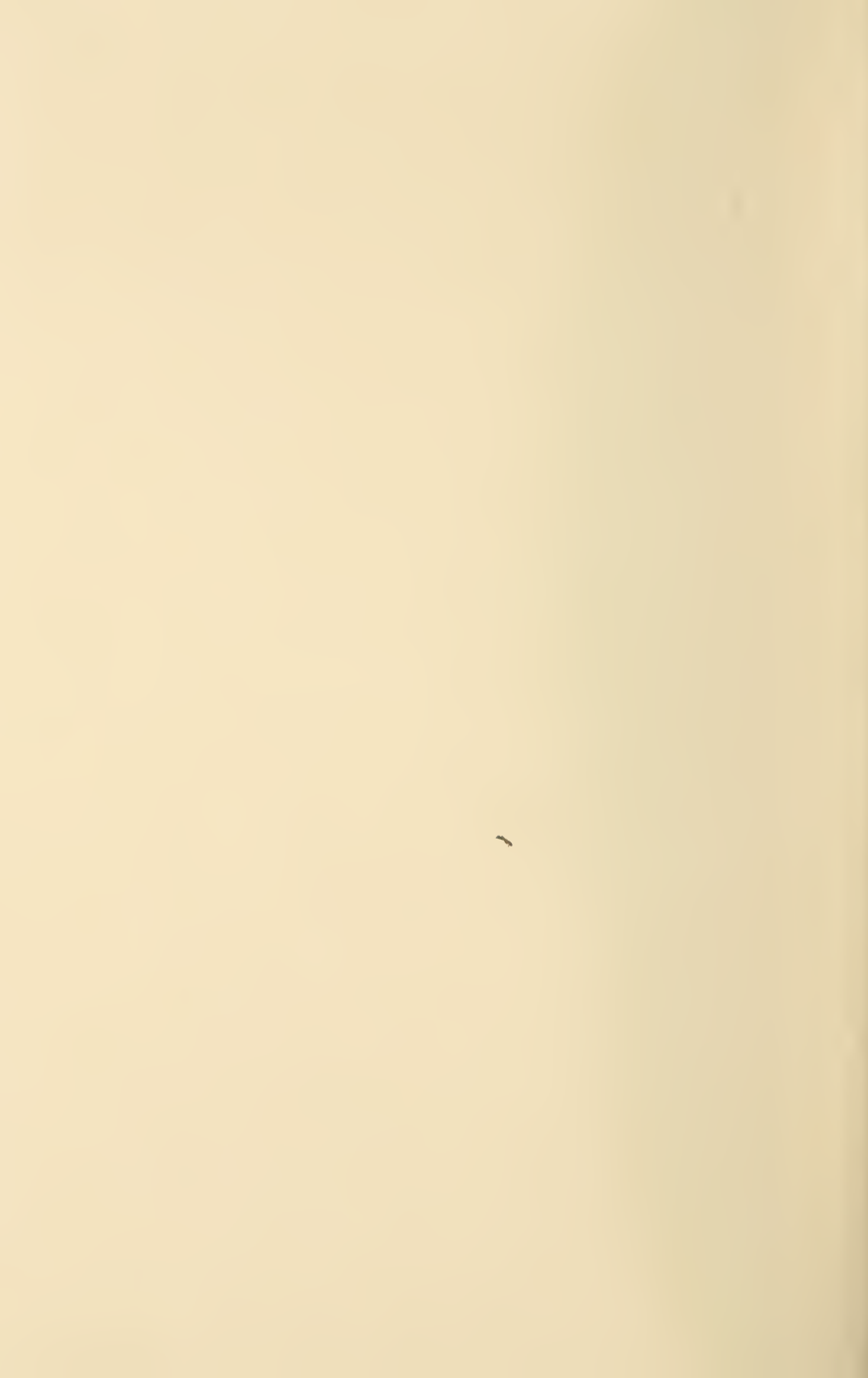














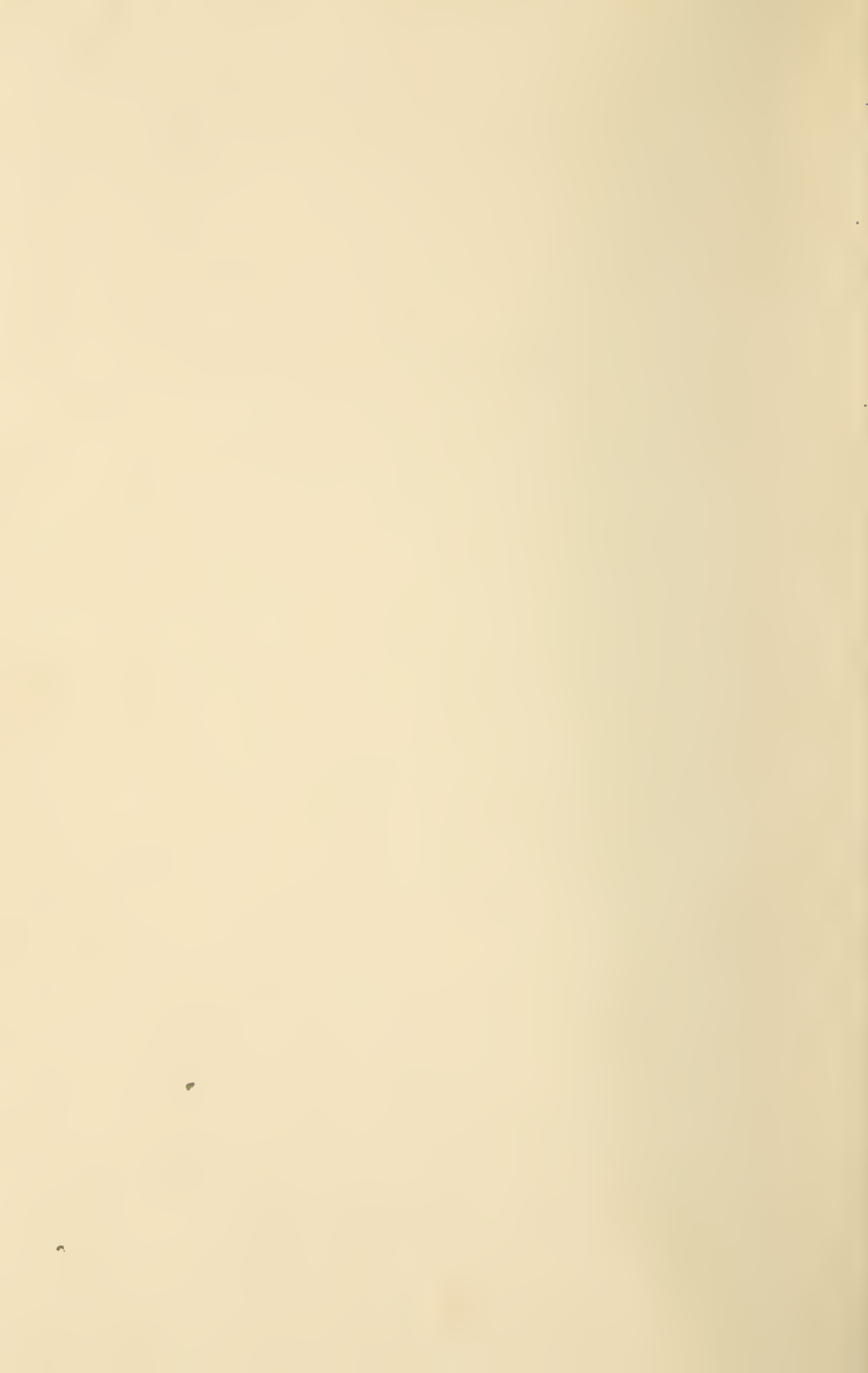


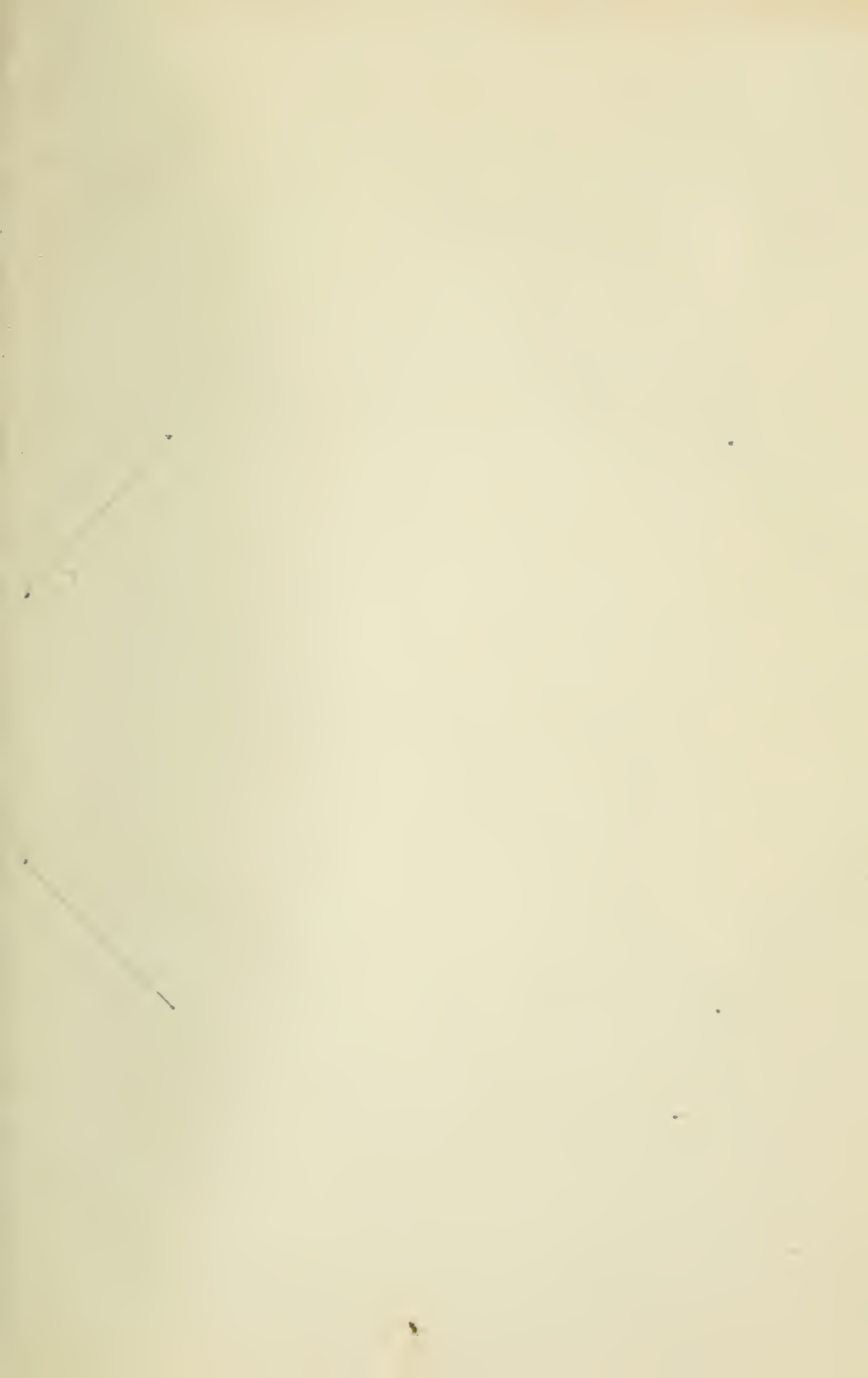
















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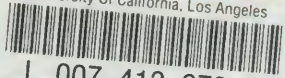
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